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CREEP AFORE YE GANG

J. F. ROBERTSON

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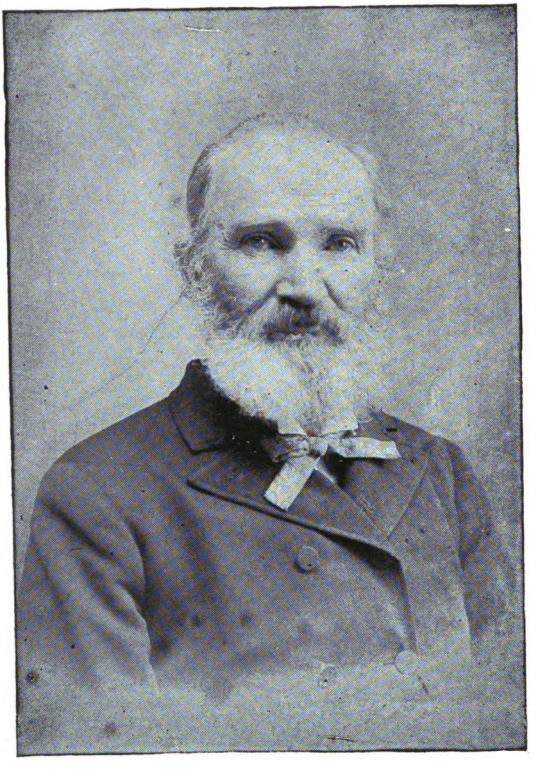

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CREEP AFORE YE GANG

A Sang o' Hame, Luve an' Freedom

BY

JOHN FREELAND ROBERTSON

Illustrated

WITH PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR
AND ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY C. F. GREVES

Also Glossary of Scotch Terms Used

NEW YORK:
J. B. COWDIN, 111 BROADWAY
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1898

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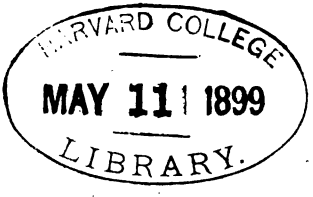

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"Even then a wish, I mind its power,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or book would make,
Or *sing a sang at least!*"

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

—*BURNS.*

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CREEP AFORE YE GANG.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
—POPE.

I.

OO'S a' the day wee callan?—gay?
Yer Faither wants tae ken!
Whisht!—haud yer skirlin' tongue I [say;—
Yer ear a minit len'!
Jist dinna be sae skeigh will ye,
But hearkin mither's sang!
Stan weel abeigh, glowr in her e'e
An', "Creep afore ye Gang!"

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II.

O!—cannie noo, ma bonnie doo,
An' haud on till the chair;
Yer legs are shouglie yet I trew,—
Ye'se mat get hurtit sair!
Sic rantin' owre the fluir sae bauld
Is a' thegither wrang;
Sae min' yer mammie's owrecome auld
An', "Creep afore ye gang!"

III.

For ye maun ken, my winsome wean,
We aince were bairnies a';
An' aft, whan toddlin but and ben,
Were fain tae tak the wa'!
Jist bide yer time,—the warld's young,
An' ye're but lately sprang!
There's fa's unsung life's snares among,
Sae Creep, afore ye Gang.

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IV.

IN first the wee bit Burdie hies
Tae lea its wee bit nest,
He, fidgin fain tae cleave the skies,
Fu' brawly kens whuts best!
He maks tae flee, but in a trice
Doun birls wi' unca bang!—
An, ye be wise ye'll jist think twice
An' Creep, afore ye gang.

V.

Weel, weel I min' the canty sport
I had whan wee mysel;
The lang, lang days were faur owre short!
Sic joys! nae tongue cou'd tell:
Yet, mither aye wi' me wad flyte
For bein "sae heid-strang,"
Yaum Yaum' rin gin I gat a clyte:
"Jist creep afore ye gang!"

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VI.

E time, guid faith, I gat my fill—
That's true as ye stan' there!
I thocht 'twad ablins fill the bill
Tae hirple up the stair!
Awa I warstled wi' guid speed
Till hauf way up an' mae,
Whan doun I rowed an' cloured ma heid!
The scaur is there the day.

VII.

I mind ae day, in close confab,
(Belike 'twas sae ordained),
My mither said tae faither, "Rab,
The wean maun sune be speaned!"
Ere owre ma heid ae short week gat,
I heard my Faither say:
"He'll sune be fit to scart the Pat,
An' lick the Spurtle tai!"

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VIII.

wunnert at th' uncanny scheme,
An' rack't my noddle sair
Tae mak it oot—an' brocht it hame—
They'd let me sook nae mair!
Thinks I, "Auld wife, gin *that's* the case
A'm gaun tae help mysel,
Let saunt or sinner say the grace!"—
I'm here, the tale tae tell.

IX.

At lang an' length I crawed sae crouse
Maist onything I'd dare;
I flate, an' hirselt roun the hoose—
Fand faut wi' mammie's care!
But, gif I tried tae staun owre heigh,
Or owre a Creepie dang,
She'd flee up in a lowe an' skreigh:
"Jist creep afore ye gang!"

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X.

E morn I gade tae leuk i' the Press
For something guid tae eat,
But, raxin aff a chair, wi' stress,
Gat whummelt aff ma feet!
Clean heels owre heid i' the "Bine" I dook't
'Mang sapples, claes an' a'!
Some ane ran in an' fish't me oot,
Jist like a droukit craw!

XI.

Aince, mither made (the sleekit elf),
A crock O' Grozet Jam;
An' hid it (?) on the tapmast shelf
Behin' a Smeekit Ham!
Tae speel up three big stules sae spry
Was easy,—I wes shure!
They cowpit owre—but whaur gade I?
Jist sprauchelin on the fluir.

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Ae morn I gade tae leuk i' the Press
For something guid tae eat.

STANZA X.

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XII

E sud hae seen my minnie's throes
As, braingin' but the hoose
She catch't me dicht ma bluidy nose!
(I kep' as mim's a Moose:)—
She placed the stules (the fearsome wight!)
Gied me twa spitefu' tugs;
Syne—bletherin' as if she'd gane gyte,
She vow'd she'd "clout ma lugs!"—

XIII

She rantit roon the hoose—declared
"As shure as she was born,"
She'd "mak O'me— gin she were spared—
A Spune!—or spile a Horn!"
Thinks I, "ma lass, gin *that's* yer gate,
Yer heid's faur up a close!!—
I'll gang *my* gate, be't air or late,
Or whether gain or loss."

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XIV.

UT, bairn, whan mammy made me breeks,
I elean gade daft wi' glee!
(That duify weel micht coont the steeks
Wes plain—withoot a lee!)
I min' she made them braw an' wide
Tae rant, an' stride an' thraw;
Forby big pouches at ilk side
Tae haud my playthings a'!

XV.

I filled thae pouehes tae the tap
Wi' Babbins, Buttons, Bools;—
Maist onything tae fill the gap,—
An' some O' Father's Tools!
Tae shaw them aff syne oot I gade
But, hadna stappit faur,
Whan slidderin i' the shuch I laid
A' jaup't wi' dawds O' glaur!

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Ae nicht I glowred i' the Ingle Cheek
Tae see the cinners bleeze !

STANZA XVII.

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XVI.

THUS, owre this yearth we play oor pairts
In childhood, youth an' age;
Oor sel' assertive, stuburn he'rts,
Staw sinner, saunt and sage:
Blin'ly we brainge thro' thick an' thin,
Nor halt tae coont the cost;
An' (sud we be na saved frae sin),
Oor fuilish souls are lost.

XVII.

Ae nicht, I glowred i' the Ingle Cheek
Tae see the cinner's bleeze!
whan, frae the ribs some skailed sae sleek
Plump, on ma twa bare knees!
Ower Poker, Shule an' Tangs I lowp't
Fu fast (ye'd best believe)
Afear't an brunt;—an' Faither "howp't
I'd a' the neebors deave!"

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XVIII.

here!!—Oh! but ye're a senseless
loon
Tae tummel doun like that!
A'm gled ye didna crack yer croun
Again' that big Kail Pat!
Losh!—Canna ye leuk whaur yer gaun,
An' no be aye sae thrang
In haurlin' at the Stules?—ye maun
Jist *Creep,* afore ye *gang.*

XIX.

Dou'tless, there's aulder pows as toom
Bit Jock!—lang luggit loons,
Wha'll hae their *ain* way "sink or soom",
An' ac' like big Baboons!
They stan' in meikle need O' grace
Or Whups, their hides tae whang!
Sic ram-stam tykes maun curb their pace
An' "Creep," afore they "Gang."

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XX.

OU'D we but see oorsels awee,
(Nor staun in oor ain licht),
Jist as we be in Heav'n's e'e,
We'd see a waefu sicht:
O' Vanitie, an' Sel-Conceit,
We'd a' get sic'n a staw,
As'd mak the vera Angels greet:
An' fast we'd steel awa'!

XXI.

Faur bigger fowk than we, a sicht,
Fu' aften get a fa';
In fechtin faur aboon their micht
Ambitious tae be braw!
An' aft enew like them, we chap,
In strivin' tae be strang,
Ye'll miss ye're stap an' doun ye'll flap!
Sae creep, afore ye gang.

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XXII.

UT oh, kind Heav'n! shield *oor* wean,
Frae snares at ilka turn;
A' gilded vice, wi' prood disdain
Through life Lord, let him spurn:
An' grant *he* ne'er mat stoop sae low
As God, his stay, forget:
While yet a pilgrim here below,
His heart on Thee be set.

XXIII.

An' Brither's!—as ye daunner through
This warl O' wae an' pain,
Ye'll meet, nae dou't, an honest few,—
Faur mae wha are a bane!
Jist haud God's Truth an' shame the Deil,
Whan *thae* kin' come alang;—
They'll hing their heids (I ken fu weel),
An' creep, whaur ye maun gang.

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XXIV.

hile Fortune smiles, wi' a' her wiles,
(The wanton, fickle jade),
Ye're kent by a' aroon for miles;
An' muckle O' ye're made:
They'se flatter, fawn, an' "knickle doun,"
An' hie their thrapples raise,
Ti' ilk auld Carlin i' the toun
Is blawin' up ye're praise!

XXV.

But ca' let Poortith snell an' doure—
Ye're "Friens" flit fast awa';
Whan wanted maist, they're aff like stoure!—
They hear ye're at the wa:
They reck na their *ain* turn micht come,
(Maybee it wull ere lang);
An' *shou'd* it come. they'se feel fu' glum
An' *creep*, whaur noo they *gang*.

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XXVI.

A' kins' O' fowk mak up this warl:
(O mundane sphere O' ills):—
Ye ken Carlyle (the crusty carl),
He ca's us "Maistly Fuils!"
Like geese we gether in a heap
Gif only ye'll say "hae!"
Or rin ae airt like stipit Sheep,
Gin ane but lead the way!

XXVII.

"Immortal Will" fu' ap'ly saith
That "all the world's a stage:"
(Hoo aft alas, the actors, skaith
Wi' ane anither wage!)
Or like Kaleidoscope's revolve,
O' ever changing hue;
At ilk dissolve new forms evolve
An' pose, within our view.

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XXVIII.

OO see!—you sanctimonious fo'ks
Wha, i' "The Kirk" stan' hie;
They're shure tae help—theirsels (the mokes)
Tae turn the "broun bawbee:"
Ye'll fin' them "circumspeck," an' "soun,"
Whaur Carnal things belang!—
'Twad pay them mae tae chinge their tune
An' "Creep, afore they Gang."

XXIX.

The plaintive Cuckoo, saft an' meek,
Wi' mellow, dulcet voice,
In Ither's Nest a Hame wad seek,
In Ither's Gear rejoice.
An' rav'nous wolves, the lambs tae fleece,
"The Faith" don, as a cloak;—
O' Righteousness, an' Godliness,
They canna thole the yoke.

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XXX.

EIST, come yir "bizzie bodie" gawks:
They like tae try their han'
At settlin' flytes O' Ither fo'ks;
(Their bisnes it maun stan):
I'm shure they'd better min' their *ain*
Affairs—gie in they're wrang;
An' learn frae e'en the soukin wean
Tae creep, afore they gang!

XXXI.

An' wae's me!—there's yer "daurin deils,"
Wha dinna gie a plack
Aboot their neighbor's waes or weals—
"At hame" whan "on the mak!"
They'd skin ye tae yer teeth (ye ken),
Ne'er reck'nin' O' the wrang;
But oh! sad ruin i' the en',
They'se "creep" whaur they shu'd "gang."

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XXXII.

HEN, there's yir coofs wha ken sae
much
O' a' thing under heav'n;
Their share O' sagest lear is such
As scarce to mortal giv'n!
An' shou'd ye no the Biter Bite—
Transfix him on the spot,
He'll e'en aver that black is white,
An' threep it doun yer throat!

XXXIII.

Anither cless O' non'-scrip' chiels
Pit on sae monie airs,
A bodie but compassion feels
For them, an' their forbears!
For jist as sune's they 'gin, forsooth,
Tae lay ye doun the Law,
They pit their fit square i' their mooth,
An' gie theirsels awa'!

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XXXIV.

WA' wi' the hael clashin' pack!—
Auld Clootie bag them a'!
They'd mak a hell O' heav'n, alack,
Wi' their infernal jaw.
Or let them pou the Rape fu' stent,
An' sune Themsels they'll hang!
Or steek their gab—reflec', repent
An' creep, till *fit tae gang!*

XXXV.

Hae charitie, wi' trummelin' fear
My chiels, for a' sick folk;
The warld micht snicker, sneer an' sweer—
Staun aff!—jist let it mock:
The hapless, puir, benichtit crew,
By ragin' passions flang,
Their daurin' deeds will sairly rue
Ere they can *hope* tae gang.

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XXXVI.

ITHOUT the fold, or e'en within,
Or black or white the sheep,
Or whether faith, or whether sin
His recompense shall reap.
That "Virtue is its own reward"
Without the saying goes:
Syne cling to't wi' profound regard
An', 'scape O' Vice the woes.

XXXVII.

Ye Whited sepulchres unhung!—
Mausaleums O' deceit!
Gae smear wi' fause an' sland'rous tongue
Ye're "Friens,"—tae you 'tis meat!
Pursue them still, nor tent ye, that
They canna thole the prang;
Vile reptile!—poison!-hiss, an' squat,
An' creep;—*Ye daurna' gang!*

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XXXVIII.

AH me! ah me!—this perfidie,
The human race amang;
Man's lack O' bare Humanitie
Owre aft, cause monie a pang.
Be't oor's O then, oor bretherin
Tae win,—the time's sae short!—
Tae strive an' spen' tho' ane 'gainst ten,
Owrecome, an'—"haud the Fort."

XXXIX.

Oh! blessed be the Pouers Abune
For a' the blessin's give'n;
(Whaur sma is gien, sae sma's the sin,
This side the gate O' heav'n.)
The rich an' slee wi' a' their glee
Sud trummel i' their shune!—
Like Camel through a needle's e'e,
They'll har'ly enter in.

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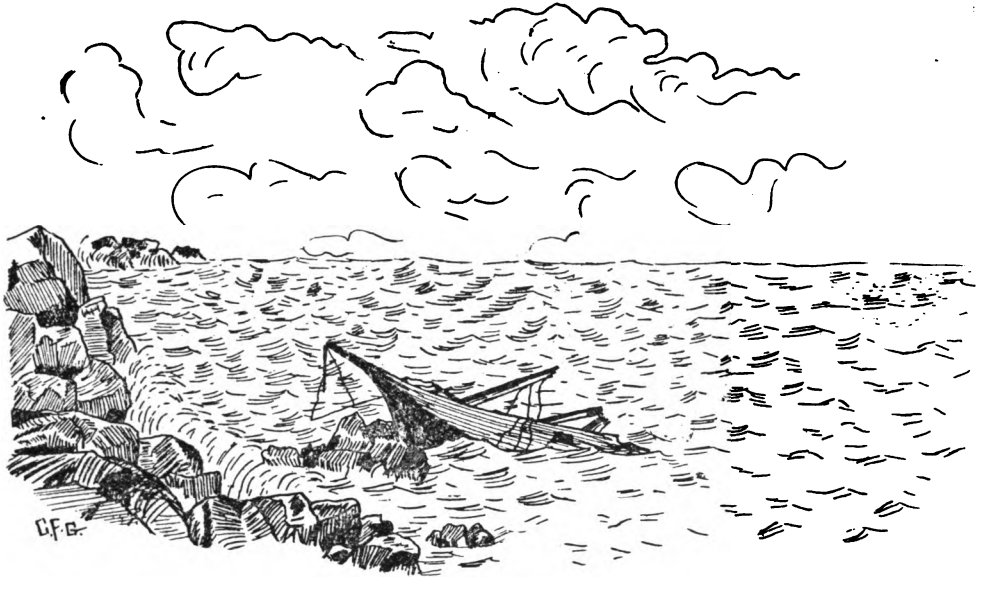

Or high on sea-girt rock sae stark
A Hopeless Hulk is left !

STANZA XL.

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XL.

THE luve O' Lucre blast's the saul
Wi' chilly, balefu' breath;
The fountains O' the heart dry all,
An' seals our moral death:
Ev'n as ill fated, found'rin Bark
O' Pilot, Rudder reft;
Or high on sea-girt rock sae stark
A Hopeless Hulk is left!

XLI.

To ev'ry human sympathy
This monster is a foe;
He lauchs at frail Humanity,
An' temp's baith high an' low
Till, conscience seared wi' selfish lusts,
And powerless to retreat,
The victims O' his venom'd thrusts
Lie prostrate at his feet!

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XLII.

GAE mark yon Niggard lanely sit
His Siller gloatin' o'er!
(Rung frae puir human he'rts O' grit
By Toils Incessant Pour:)
He canna tak it tae that bourn
Whence we must a' repair!
An' 'ts heft, heap't on his soul forlorn,
Maun sink him i' despair.

XLIII.

Why sud ae deein' mortal thus,
Anither lord it o'er?—
His dirty dross cause such a fuss
On Time's swift shiftin' shore?
Life's lease mayhap scarce worth a preen,
Wi' a' its hoarded pelf,
(A broken reed on whilk to lean);
An' deid tae a' but Self!

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Gae mark yon Niggard lanely sit
His Siller gloatin' o'er ;

STANZA XLII.

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XLIV.

AH, Gold!—ah tainted, cursed Gold!
Such fiends to make of Men!
Fell source art Thou of woes untold,
And crimes beyond our ken!
The demon first Thy brazen face
Did'st launch upon this sphere
Must, from High Heav'n have fall'n from grace
To tempt frail mortals here:

XLV.

Good Lord!—that Man should e'er descend
So far beneath the brute!—
Thine Image reach such awful end!—
Thine ev'ry law refute!
Let fa' the scales frae aff *oor* e'en
Thy Light that we micht see:
Oor licht is darkness drear I ween:
Thine, Thine shall set us free.

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XLVI.

O scan the "Honest Man" now pause!
He, in his envied sphere!
Yields fealty to his Maker's cause,
His Kind, his Country dear:
Th' oppressed and weak he ever spares
By Kindness, deep and broad;
And proves what all the world declares:
The noblest work of God."

XLVII.

Nor groveling Greed nor carking Care
Disturbs his soul, nor guile;
To beard the haunts of Wrong he dare;
Nor vain his thoughts the while:
With conscience clear as skies at noon
Faith, Hope and Love he binds;
An' soars serene, far, far aboon
The ken O' wee bit minds!

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XLVIII.

E Just, if ye'd be strong and great:
Oh noblest band and true!
The vilest at *your* beck doth wait
To heed,—to dare and do.
Be Loving if ye'd fain be loved!
All Nature sings the song:
O! who can hear with soul unmoved,
As swells the notes along?

XLIX.

Be happy in the Common Weal!—
In seeds of Kindness sown
In hearts for Other's thus may feel
And shield, foul wrong t' atone.
Rejoice with those that do rejoice,
And comfort them who mourn:
Regard the humble's plaintive voice
And ne'er, their pleadings spurn.

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L.

AITH'S Vital Spark possess your soul
An' burst into a flame;
Syne dare with All Mankind condole—
Mak for Yersel' a Name!
Tho' no inscribed on scroll O' Fame
(Through carnage aft attained),
Be your's the aim, aye Valid Claim:
O'er Self the conquest gained.

LI.

Thus, only thus, may man incline
His God in Bliss to see;—
A kindlin' spark O' luve divine
Reflectin' Charitie!
Oh Worldlin'! while yer flickerin' licht
Is fanned by pityin' grace,
Fling doun ye're idols while ye micht,
An' seek yer Father's face.

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LII.

E'VE struggled sair an' wearily
Whan friendship's were but sma';
Jist ca' on *this* frien cheerily,
An' dinna fash at a'!
He'll mak the heavy burthen licht,
Smooth doun the rouchest way;
An' oh! ye're he'rt's feel young an' bricht
An' blythe, the lee-lang day.

LIII.

Nor let the saut tear dim yer e'e
In broodin' ower the past;
Yon happy days ('tween you an' me),
Were faur owre guid tae last.
Heedless O' joys, O' ills gane by,
Press on towards the Prize;
An' chockin doun ilk bitter sigh
To Present Duties rise.

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LIV.

I' Heav'n Alane maun rest oor Hope:
A' ither hope's are vain:
(Tho' maist, e'en yet, in darkness grope—
In fetters hug their chain.)
O fallow man!—in age or youth,
Owre a' this warld wide,
Ye're motto be: "God; Justice; Truth:"—
Ye're glory an' ye're pride!

LV.

In Him ye'll fin' True peace an' rest,
Guid cheer, an' sweet content!
Wi' gled, soul-satisfyin' zest—
A' by Kind Heaven sent.
Or here below, shou'd toil an' woe
Ye're best endeavors croun,
Pure rivers flow, joys to bestow,
An' droun a' grief's aboon!

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LVI.

YNE, whan yer race on earth is
run,
Cares, hopes an' fears at rest,
The battle focht, the vict'ry won,
Eternal Life Possessed!
Yer mem'ry lang let flourish green,
In honor held by a';—
A halo bricht i' beautie's sheen
Whan ye are wede awa'.

LVII.

Whaur else neath heav'n, in wae or weel,
Sal man rest, if not here?
The ne'er-daeweel an' Infidel
Let scoff—they'se quake wi' fear
Whan comes the day O' rec'onin'
Wi' a' its visions dreed!—
Whan grim Realities sal' 'gin
Tae fa' upo' their heid.!

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LVIII.

GOD'S faithfu,' leal, guid-he'rted Puir,
Ower sic maun bear the gree!
Their meek, unselfish life (mak shure),
Regard will Heaven's e'e:
But sma' *they* hae O' warldly gear
Tae haud them in its snare;
An' leevin' maist by faith an' fear,
The lade is licht tae bear.

LIX.

Thrice blest in ignorance and Peace,
The happy, lowly clown;
From countless ills he gains release—
The meed of Earth's renown.
The worldly great let ride in state,
And air their empty pride;—
The meek await a better fate
Who, in Their Lord confide.

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The worldly great let ride in state,
And air their empty pride.

—Stanza LIX.

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LX.

AND life's spring tide sweeps madly on
In swift, tumultuous flood;
And sore its breast doth heave and moan
Deep dyed in life's heart blood!
And men pass from the stage of life,
And other's take their place;—
Of men alas, this world is rife,
Its devious paths to trace.

LXI.

And still the Idler reaps the fruits
Of Other's Honest Toil;
Of Vested Wrongs the vile offshoots!—
Proud Masters of the Soil!
And Might doth still the Right down-tread,
Its brutal ends to gain:—
Of "Christians" must it yet be said
That, "Christ hath died in vain."

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LXII.

AWAKE, O Faithful!— dare to do
All to mere mortal giv'n!—
Prove Alpine Steeps of Duty true,
But golden steps to heav'n!
For in this world of joys and woes,
Or high, or lowly born,
Who find, midst all life's fitful throes
A Rose, without its Thorn?

LXIII.

"Man's inhumanity to man,"
In cruel, fierce despite,
On all that's just hath placed a ban
His fellow to requite!
"Am I my brother's keeper," saith
His lustful, envious soul;—
Deep sunk in Self, and void of Faith
Plays thus, the wretch, his role.

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LXIV.

man's a man" tho' crushed to earth,
Ev'n by his brother worm;
To noblest themes may's soul give birth
While struggling thro' life's storm:
Barred out from Opportunity,
His Willing Hands to Use;
Whilst land "lords" with impunity,
Their "Privileges" abuse.

LXV.

The rich, in *This* world's goods, may lay
On bed of softest down;
From virtue's paths they may not stray—
On ev'ry Crime may frown;
Yet, vainest thoughts will fill the heart
Not anchored upon Thee;
Who have not chose the "Better part"—
Thy Truth, which makes us Free.

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LXVI.

WHY lounge in idleness and vice,
God's Poor down-trod the while?
Why play the Fool and throw the dice
Your "leisure" to beguile?
That unto Labor rest belongs
Is the decree of Heav'n:—
Who loll in ease his Brother wrongs,
Unless for Service giv'n.

* * * * *

LXVII.

How fleet the smile of summer's scene
Is changed for winter's woe!
(Let mellow autumn intervene
With ambient afterglow.)
Life's cares our joys full soon destroy,
Or rob of pow'r to please;—
Compounded of Earth's base alloy
They fail, the soul t' appease.

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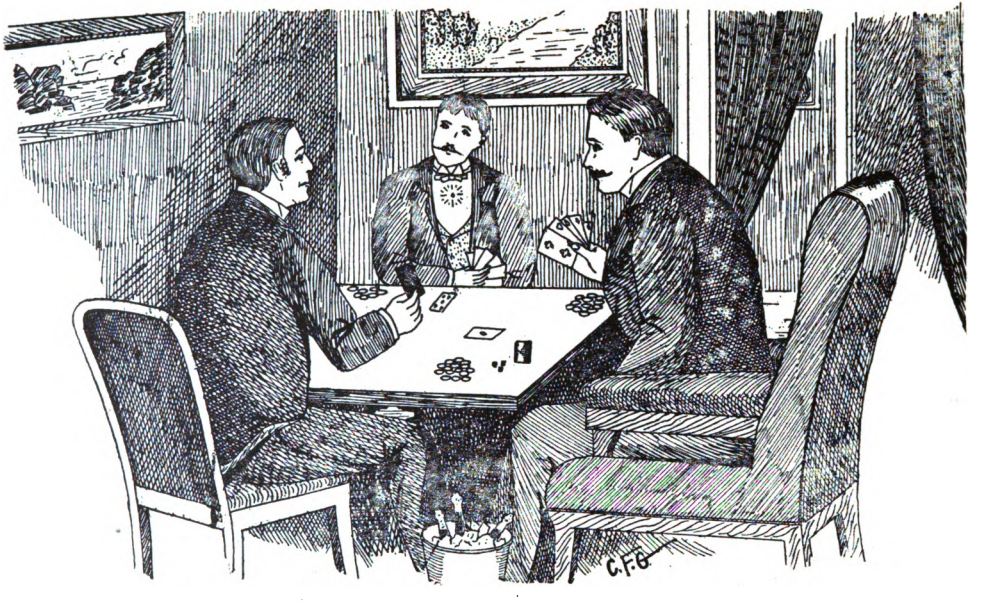

Why play the Fool and throw the dice
Your "leisure" to beguile?

STANZA LXVI.

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LXVIII.

ARTH'S joys! oh what are they at
best,
Divorced from Love, and God?
An aching void! a longed for rest!
A heavy, weary load:
With hollow, soulless Vanity
Our minds, our hearts are riv'n;
From paths of peace led far astray;
All, all is false but Heav'n!

LXIX.

Contemplate well God's Won'drous Word—
The Book of Nature through!
IT'S pages aye new joys afford
As they unfold to view.
His Works through all Creation trace:—
Did man but see or hear,
With Him he'd commune face to face!
For God is everywhere.

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LXX.

TRUE joy in Self was never found :—
It withers up the soul!
It fills this fair creation round
With woe, from pole to pole,
Oh then for God! for Truth and Right!
For faith and love combined;
'Gainst Lust's dread pow'r to wage the fight,
True joys that we might find.

LXXI.

Did man do by his fellow man
As he'd be done unto;—
The Golden Rule his happy plan!
Then, each wad hae his due:
But Giant Might stalks thro' the land,
Wi' dire Oppression's Rod;
'Gainst fenseless right a fellon band!—
Nor dreads a Righteous God!

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LXXII.

HO is't cheap charity that wants?—
The miserable dole!—
The Sop which guilty conscience flaunts
To ease the wretched soul!
'Tis Love the hungry heart most craves
To warm the chilly breast;
'Tis Love, not "Charity" that saves,
And lulls to envied rest.

LXXIII.

Chill Poverty is Slavery
Of Body, Heart and Soul;—
Fell scourge of Vilest Knavery
On Greed's most hideous scroll.
Nor need of lash, nor auction block
To sever kindred dear;
Starvation is the galling yoke
Wage Slav'ry's Million's fear!

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LXXIV.

HO owns the Land owns all there is
Of Hnman Life and Toil;
Their energies he claims as His!—
Their ev'ry effort foil
Of striving after Happiness,
(Gods kind intent to all);
The Landless gain but heartlessness,
Grief, wretchedness and gall.

LXXV.

How long O Lord?— Father of Love!
How long must such things be?—
Send forth Thy Fiat from above,
And bid th' enslaved gae free!
An' hurl the thunders O' thy wrath
'Gainst despot-tyrants all;
The mem'ry O' their gastly path
Enshroud, as with a pall!

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LXXVI.

THY Kingdom come: Thy Will be done
On earth, as 'tis in heav'n:
To ev'ry creature neath the sun
Thy benisons be giv'n.
O bare thine arm; and stay the pow'r
Of mammon, and of woe:
Let tyranny Itself devour,
That all Thy Love may know.

* * * * *

LXXVII.

Ye guides, who lead your flocks astray
And mistranslate God's Word;—
Who's Common Fatherhood betray
Where'er His name is heard:
Blind: Leaders of the blind: ye all
In Stygian Darkness grope:
Repent!— let His Light stay your fall
E'er in the ditch ye drop!

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LXXVIII.

Paradise would be this earth
Did Justice but prevail;
Sic blissfu' scenes 'twad ca' tae birth!—
Nor man his lot bewail:
Ilk he'rt wad fill wi' licht an' luve,
Sma' cause there'd be for wae;
Fa' richest blessin's frae above!
Come; for't, let's work an' pray.

LXXIX.

His Kingdom ne'er can come on earth
While Mammon's Sway Obtains;
Whilst Hopeless Millions, Robbed of Hearth
And Home, still here remains:
The Few (by powers of hell possessed)
The Many's Rights forstall;—
Of love, and light and life unblest!—
Of Vampire's held in thrall!

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LXXX.

HIS orb, our Common Mother is
Our Common Wants to fill;
(The great Creator and Allwise,
Has Thus decreed His will.)
Her ever fruitful, welcome breast,
Responsive to our call,
Invites us to partake and—rest:—
Exhaustless still for all.

LXXXI.

Why then should mortal want for aught
Kind Nature can supply?—
The Land, with untold blessings fraught
Lies Waste, while sad we sigh!
How long must God's world vacant lay?—
His creatures starve from birth?
How long withheld from Use, O say,
By Blackest Crime of Earth?—

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LXXXII.

O traffic in the lives of men!
Aye, confiscate life's source;—
To herd them up in squalid den
To gorge the filthy purse?
Great Heav'n! what stifling tyranny!—
To hound their kind to death;—
Bereft of all Humanity,
They'd stop their Brother's breath.

LXXXIII.

In sweat and blood poor Human Toil
Forgets She hath a soul!—
Remains for Her but Ceaseless Moil!
No pow'r to help—console.
Taxed Industry still downward tends
Earth's "Owners" to deprave;
Whilst weak, Disfranchised Labor, ends
Her heart throes in the grave.

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In sweat and blood poor Human Toil
Forgets she hath a soul!

STANZA LXXXIII.

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LXXXIV.

H bretherin !–fools–fools and blind :
How long refuse to see ?
How long reject God's Laws, so kind,
So bountuous and so free ?
Together stand !—your rights demand !
(The Lord is ever just ;)
Join heart and hand—Possess the Land !—
To right your wrongs ye must.

LXXXV.

Did He intend that man should slave
From Infancy to Age ?—
His Will to crush, oppress, deprave,—
Relentless warfare wage
Against the children of His Hand,
Made in His Form Divine,
Or, on His Footstool Free to stand
And, In His Love to shine ?

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LXXXVI.

BLASPHEMY! to heap on Him
The crimes neath which we
groan!—
The Lord of Light the author grim
Of ev'ry grief and moan!
The God of Grace, th' almighty ONE,
Who gave us life, disowned!—
Our sense of His Great Love so gone,
That Reason's Self's dethroned!

LXXXVII.

Insensate Man! 'tis man made "laws,"
Not the All Father's Will,
Of man's enslavement is the cause,
His cup of Death to fill.
Return!—return to Nature's laws,
Return to Nature's God,
If ye of Life would find The cause,
And 'scape His Wrath the load.

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LXXXVIII.

E hung the spheres which o'er us
blaze,
And guides the radiant train;
Harmonious they discourse his praise—
His Will to haste amain!
While thro' heav'ns boundless realms they soar,
Resounds the glad refrain,
From each to each, from shore to shore:
"ONE, o'er us all doth reign!"

LXXXIX.

The Teeming Earth impatiently
Awaits Our Human Aid;
To yield Her stores abundantly,
Deep in her bowels hid.
Why then not access to the land
By Mother Nature giv'n
To all alike with lavish hand,
That earth become a heav'n?

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XC.

IS vain to prate of "rights divine"—
Mere sophistry and cant;
While o'er God's world His Children pine
In penury and want.
He wills His gifts *to all* I ween—
Land, Water, Air and Light;
Wrong, Monster Wrong steps in between,
And robs Man, of His Right.

XCI.

Lord! cease the dreadful Fear of Want
That weighs on Human Hearts!—
Pales ev'n the cheek of Childhood gaunt
And stings like poisoned darts!
Fierce Hunger knaws the vitals through
Of millions, aid who craves;—
While Plenty smiles in easy view,
They fill unnumbered graves.

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While Plenty smiles in easy view,
They fill unnumbered graves.

STANZA XCI.

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XCII.

BREAK fell Monop'ly's Iron Back,
And sweep it from the earth !—
Thine Ire pursue its soulless track !—
To Freedom True give birth :
Till, round this sphere from pole to pole,
While ebb and flows the tide ;
Sublime, in one harmonious whole
Truth, Justice, Love abide.

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XCIII.

H for the names of by-gone days!—
Of Bruce!— of Wallace wight!
In life's youth who descried the rays
Of Liberty's fond light!
Who fought and bled that light to spread,
New Hope in ev'ry blow!
Who, in the van heroic led,
And laid the tyrant low!—

XCIV.

Our glorious Covenanting Sires
Who, foremost in the breach,
Relit anew Faith's sacred fires,
Their God Direct to reach!
John Knox; who censured vice and crime
Tho' high enthroned in sway!—
O'erthrew "Idolatrie" betime,
And glorified his day.—

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XCV.

F Emmet, who for Freedom died
Ere life had scarce begun!
Proud England's Tyranny defied
With face toward the sun!—
Of Milton, and the galaxy
Who championed Human Right!
George Washington, who gained the day,
'Gainst haughty Britain's Might!—

XCVI.

Of Tell, who dared the tyrants yoke!
Of Poland's doughty son!—
Lincoln! Black Slav'ry's Chains who broke,
And died to see it done!
The true and brave of ev'ry clime,
Life's race who faithful ran;—
Essayed their Duty in their time,
Nor feared the face of man.

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XCVII.

HUS, they who well have played their parts
Will haunt the mind by turns;—
And foremost in His Country's hearts
The Ploughman, Robert Burns!
O Deathless Bard! we honor thee,
And keep thy mem'ry green;
For man to man *shall* brothers be,
Let oceans roll between!

XCVIII.

Thy name a Living Pow'r shall be
In lowly cot and hall;
While waves wild flow'ret o'er the lea
Thy presence to recall.
Thy songs, the old old story weave
While lovers fondly sigh;
Or while thy mountains hoary, heave
Their peaks unto the sky!

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The wee bit mouse, an' wounded hare,
I'll favor'd on the wild,
His heart felt sympathies did share ;

STANZA C.

Digitized by Google

XCIX.

E banks an' braes O' bonnie Doon,
Bloom ever fresh an' fair;—
There, Robbie, wha's at rest aboon,
Aft lingered, fu' O' care.
Ye little birds! sing saft an' sweet
Thro' a' the flow'ring thorn;
Methinks ye chant His dirge, sae meet,
Wham a' the wide warld mourn!

C.

An' you, ye mountain daisies sweet,
Wha scent the caller air;
Your snaw-white faces, dewy weet,
Kent aye his tend'rest care!
The wee bit mouse, an' wounded hare,
Ill favor'd on the wild,
His heartfelt sympathy's did share;
For Rob was Nature's child.

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CI.

AS droops the flower that fades and dies
Beside its parent stem;
That brighter life might yet arise
Of beautie's soul the gem!
So die must we for other's here,
Is Nature's stern decree;—
Thus may we soar to higher sphere,
From death forever free.

CII.

Maintain fair Freedom's fight:—be Men!
Hope's Smile shall cheer ye on:
Oppression's lang drear nicht *will* en',
An' merge in Day's bright dawn.
To Ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To Pruning Hooks their spears;
No more uphold mere creature "lords;"
No more shed blood and tears.

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CIII.

THE nations all confederate
In "Peace, Good Will" combine;
While wee bird warbles to his mate,
The strains O' "Auld langsyne."
Syne struggle bravely i' yer time,
Nor cringe tae aucht that's wrang;
And in His time, in fairer clime,
On Gowden Streets ye'll gang!

* * * * *

CIV.

Come, O Thou "Christ that is to be,"
And lighten Labor's load:
Come! set both soul and body free,
And bring us nearer God.
Come reason Thou 'twixt man and man,
And bid oppression cease:
O Come! the good of all to plan;
And thus bring joy and peace.

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CV.

LONG, long hast thou been crucified
By thy professing friends;
Long, long Thy Boundless Love defied,
For Self's unholy ends.
This fair green earth, and all therein
To all is freely giv'n:—
Free to the feast let all come in,
And share the Smile of Heav'n.

CVI.

Of One Blood are the nations made—
One God created all.
Then never more let it be said
That He hath raised a wall
Or barrier 'gainst Honest Worth,
To fend a pampered few;
His love extends to all on earth
Free, as from heav'n the dew.

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Let faithless Fate on Bat-like wing
This yearth gae floun'drin' o'er ;

STANZA CVIII.

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CVII.

ONE is your master, heav'ns Great
Lord,
And all ye bretheren are;
Then haste, O Brothers!—be implored
To end th' inglorious war—
Plot, scheme and fraud 'gainst man and God!
'Gainst all that's good and true;
Your Loving Deeds let Justice laud,
Held ever up to view!

CVIII.

Let faithless Fate, on Bat-like wing,
This yearth gae flound'rin' oer;
His leather lugs owre heavy hing
Creation's Depths to soar!
Content to drive thro' darkness black,
Nor long the light to see;
While legions send the echo back:—
"My faith looks up to Thee."

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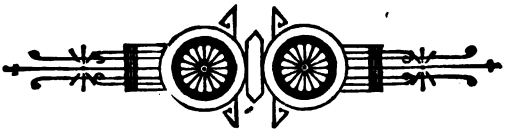
CIX.

YE lippen on His Providence,
An' dinna be cast doon;—
Trusting His Great Beneficence
His Glory sal ye croon!
An', whan at length yer weary heid
On earth's cauld lap ye lay,
Yer name i' th' "Book O' Life" (blest meed),
Sal gleam a gem for aye!



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CX.

PEED, speed that blessed time O Lord,
The glad Millennial Day;
When suff'rings wail shall cease be heard:—
Almighty Love bear sway.
Dispel this night of mortal strife,
Thy Grace give us the sum;
Until through death, to Endless Life
We reach our heav'nly home.

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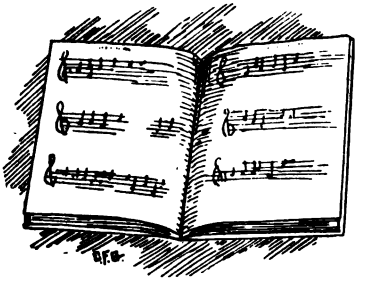
CXI.

RAE virtue's neuks jouk monie crooks:
Tae jink them, let's a' try!—
To find e'en "Books in running brooks,"
Aye passing Evil by.
Come; turn a new leaf owre, my frien,
An' sing that "guid auld sang;"—
Mither's refrain, e'en till her wean:

"JIST CREEP AFORE YE GANG!"



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GLOSSARY

OF SCOTCH TERMS USED IN THIS WORK.

A'.....all
Aboon..... .above
Abeigh.....aloof
Aiblins.....perhaps
Ac'.....act
Ae, ane.....one
Aft.....oft
Aff.....off
Aften.....often
Again'.....against
Ain.....own
Airt.... .....point of compass
Aince.....once
Air.....early
Aroon.....around
An,..if—An'...and
Aucht.... ...anything
Awee.....a little while
Awa' ....away
A'thing.....everything

Bairn.....child
Baith.....both
Bairnies.....children
Bauld.....bold
Benichted....benighted
Ben .....inner apartment
Belike.....likely, perhaps
Bisnes.....business
Bine.....wash-tub
Bools... ....marbles
Braw.....handsome
Brainge.....rush
Braingin.....rushing
But.....inner apartment *
Brunt.....burned

Callan.....boy
Caller.....fresh
Canty.....merry
Canna.....cannot
Carl.....old man
Carlin.....woman
Cauld .....cold
Chinge.... ..change
Chiels.....young fellows
Cinners.....cinders
Clashin'.....idle talk
Claes.....clothes
Cloured.....bruised
Clyte.....fall
Coont.... ...count
Creepie.....stool
Croun.....crown
Coofs, Cuifs..blockheads

Daurna.....dare not
Daunner.....saunter
Deave.....deafen
Doo.....dove

Error—should be outer apartment.

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GLOSSARY

Dook't.....ducked
Droon.....drown
Doun.....down
Duify.....dunce
Dicht.....wipe
Dinna.....do not

E'e.....eye
Enew.....enough
En'.....end

Fand.....found
Faut.....fault
Fause.....false
Faur.....far
Fash.....worry
Flap.....flop
Flate.....scolded
Flyte.....scold
Flytes.....dlsputes
Fechtin'.....fighting
Fit.....foot
Fluir.....floor
Forby.....besides
Fowk.....folk
Frae.....from
Fuil.....fool
Fuilish.....foolish

Gade.....went
Gang.....walk
Gae.....go
Gaun.....going
Gear.....riches
Gie.....give
Gied.....gave
Gien.....given
Gif.....if
Gled.....glad
Gree.....palm
Greet.....weep
Grozet.....gooseberry
Guid.....good
Gyte.....daft, crazy

Hae.....have, accept
Hael.....whole
Hame.....home
Haud.....hold
Haurlin'.....hauling
Heid.....head
Heidstrang...headstrong
Heigh, hie...high
Hirple.....shuffle
Hirsel't.....wriggled
Hoo.....how
Howp't.....hoped

Ilk.....each
Ilka.....every

Jist.....just
Jouk.....hide, stoop

Ken.....know
Kent.....known

Lade.....load
Lanely.....lonely
Leal.....true
Lear.....learning
Lee-lang.....livelong
Leuk.....look
Lippen.....rely, trust
Lowe.....flame
Losh!.....an exclamation

Mae.....more
Maist.....most
Maistly.....mostly
Maun.....must
Mat, Micht...might
Meikle, Muckle..great, much
Moose.....mouse
Monie.....many

Na.....not
Neuk.....nook
Nicht.....night

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GLOSSARY

Niest.....next
Noo.....now

O'.....of
Oot.....out
Oor.....our
Owre, ower..over

Pit.....put
Plack.....old Scotch coin
Pou.....pull
Pouches.....pockets
Pows.....heads
Prang.....prong
Press.....cupboard
Preen.....pin
Prood.....proud
Puir.....poor

Rant.....play
Raxin'.....reaching
Roun'.....round

Sae.....so
Sairly.....sorely
Sair.....sore
Sal.....shall
Sapples.....soapsuds
Saul.....soul
Saut.....salt
Sel'.....self
Shaw.....show
Sheugh, shuch..gutter
Shoughlie....shaky
Siller.....money
Sic.....such
Sicht.....sight
Skaith.....injury
Skailed.....spilled
Skeigh.....proud
Skreigh.....scream
Skirlin'.....shrieking
Sleekit, slee..sly
Slidderin'....slipping
Smeekit.....smoked
Snaw.....snow
Soom.....swim
Soun'.....sound
Souk.....nurse
Soukin'.....nursing
Speaned.....weaned
Speel.....climb
Sprauchelin'.sprawling
Spune.....spoon
Spurtle.....porridge stick
Staw.....surfeit
Stap.....step
Stappit.....stepped
Stan', staun..stand
Stent.....taut
Steeks.....stitches
Stoure.....dust
Stipit.....stupid
Strang.....strong
Stules.....stools
Sud.....should
Syne.....then, since, ago

Tap.....top
Tai.....besides, likewise
Tent.....heed
Thae.....those
Thrapples....throats
Thraw.....twist
Thrang.....busy
Threep.....maintain
Thole.....bear
Toom.....empty
Trummelin'..trembling

Unca.....great

Vera.....very

Wae.....woe
Waefu'.....woeful
Wad.....would
Warstled.....wrestled
Wean.....child

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GLOSSARY.

Wee.....small
Wham.....whom
Whilk.....which
Whaur.....where
Whummelt ..upset
Wight.....stout, enduring

Wi'.....with
Wunnert.....wondered
Wull.....will

Yer, yir.....your

PHRASES

Auld Clootie..The devil
Broon Bawbee..brown half-penny
But an' ben..kitchen and parlor
Cloot ma lugs..box my ears
Cowpit owre. tipped over
Crawed sae crouse..crowed so bold
Daurin' Diels..daring devils
Dawds o' glaur..lumps of mud
Droukit craw..drenched crow
Fand faut..found fault
Fidgin' fain..very anxious
Hoo's a' ?..how's all?
Ingle cheek..fireside
Lang luggit..long eared
Poortith, snell and doure..poverty, cold and stubborn
Pouers abune..Powers above
Kail Pat..broth pot
Sic'n a staw..such a surfeit
Soukin' wean..nursing child
Steek their gab..shut their mouth
Sud trummel i' their shune..should tremble in their shoes
Wede awa..weeded away
Yaum yaumrin'..harp harping, repeating
Shule an' Tangs..shovel and tongs
Yer heid's faur up a closs!..your head's far up a narrow passage—you're beside yourself
Or let them pu' the rape fu' stent..or let them pull the rope full taut

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